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The Rebel

A MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO THE EXPOSITION OF ANARCHIST COMMUNISM.

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AN ANARCHIST-COMMUNIST JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO THE SOLUTION OF THE LABOR QUESTION.

VOL. I. BOSTON, MASS., MARCH-APRIL, 1896. NO. 6

THE EIGHTEENTH OF MARCH.

The eighteenth of March 1871 had been chosen by the wicked gnome Thiers, his accomplices, and his dupes to arouse Paris after having disarmed it, in order to justify a massacre preparatory to some dynastic restoration. The treacherous plan being organized, the traitors and the incapables were caught in their own trap. To them any master seemed preferable to a revolution. But it was no longer the spies of the empire crying "on to Berlin!" when no one wanted war it was a people wishing to be free. They had the revolution. Jules Favre recounts as follows the provocation which they prepared. "Vinoy would have liked to engage the party by suppressing the pay of the National Guard, we thought this plan more dangerous than direct action." Direct action was attempted. It was the seizure by those in power of the cannon which the National Guard had bought with their own funds for the defense of Paris neglected by the inertia of the government. The power in the hands of the government of "*La Defense Nationale*" had no energy but that directed against the people. The proclamation made the day before was similar to those of the empire on some Second of December. An attempt hazarded two nights before to take the cannon from the Place des Vosges had given warning.

They knew by the 31th of October, by the 22nd of January, by all the refusals of defense and all the attempts to surrender of what the bourgeois are capable when they dream of the red Specter of the Revolution. It was imprudent this time for those in power to pit the soldiers against Paris, which did not wish to de disarmed. It was too near all the battles lost by the incapacity of the old generals of the empire, too near, above all, to the opposition of Paris to all the attempts to surrender that had been made until now, to imagine that the army would not make common cause with Paris which would rather die than surrender. The soldiers who invaded the faubourgs found Montmartre, Belleville standing ready. They were surrounded by the National Guard. Every where the soldiers fraternized with the crowd.

It was not only the popular will to guard the cannon but to have a republic which would not be a continuation of the empire. A post of the National Guard had passed the night at a house in the rue des Rosiers at the summit of the *buttes*. Suddenly the post was surprised, the soldier on guard at the door fell mortally wounded. The blank charge which ought to have been fired iu case of surprise was not made but the alarm was given just the same.

Montmartre assembled like a swarm of bees. At dawn when the alarm bell sounded the tambours beat the general call to arms. We all charged up the hill knowing that at the top of the hill under the orders of General Lecomte, were ten thousand men in battle array; we thought to die for liberty or rather thinking no more, we would have scaled the sky itself.

We never noticed the steep and rocky ascent, excited as we were by the tocsin and the hurried rhythm of the charge. There was a clear atmosphere, a splendid dawn like an aurora of deliverance. We knew wel though we died, Paris would rise. It was not death that awaited us on the heights of Montmartre, where however they were dragging away the cannon to join them to the others at the Batignolles, already taken. It was the surprise of a popular victory.

Between us and the army, the women of Montmartre threw themselves in front of the cannon. The soldiers retreated; three times General Lecomte ordered them to fire on the crowd, a subaltern stepped out of the ranks, placed himself in front of his company and gave the order: Ground Arms! It was he whom they obeyed (Verdaguerre who, several weeks later was shot at Versailles). The revolution was a fact.

Lecomte had been arrested at the moment, when for the third time he was ordering his soldiers to fire, he was conducted to the rue des Rosiers where very soon he was rejoined by General Clement Thomas, discovered in civilian's dress, while taking the plan of the Montmartre barricades.

Their destiny aceomplished itself. Both had been condemned to death long since by the survivors of June 1848. Lecomte, who had been continually insulting, the National Guard again remembered the old griefs. Clement Thomas had just been taken in the act of spying. This time popular justice was in accord with the law of war. In addition to this Clemənt Thomas and Lecomte had some accounts to regulate with their own soldiers. It was the revolution that executed them. In the bloody days of May a crowd of victims who had never taken any part in their death, were shot in revenge for the execution of these two men, who had so often cut into the flesh of multitudes.

The people's victory would have been complete had they gone to Versailles the evening of the 18th of March to overthrow the reactionary government. Many might have fallen on the way but the slaughter of May would have been avoided.

It was *legality* that carried the day. The Commune was elected by vote and too much time was lost to have made it yet possible to smother the past in its lair. The Commune, conquered, carried off with it the weaknesses and the hesitations of its profound honesty. The veritable duty would have been to sacrifice every human sentiment to the necessity of holding the people's victory.

But if *la Commune* feared to make victims she nev er feared for her owu existence. She sleeps in the red shroud of her wedding with Death.

The day to celebrate *la Commune* should have been the 28th of May when her life blood was taken, the avenging flames of the conflagration extinguished by streams of blood.

LOUISE MICHEL.

LONDON, FEB'Y. 25, 1896.

THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

Twenty five years have passed, since the day whereon the Commune of Paris declared its independence of the French-National Government. The Parisians had endured the horrors of the German siege, had suffered hunger and thirst, wounds and death, but their very misfortunes had brought them compensations. After the downfall of the Empire and during the siege the new government of which little Thiers was the head, had not been able to govern them, as strenously, as French governments are wont to do, had not in short been able to reduce them to automata moving, acting, speaking, living at the dictates of an all pervading beaurocracy. They had in a measure become individuals, accustomed to think and to act for themselves. they had formed groups for common action and had arms in their hands and hopes and ascpirations in their hearts. The commercial system was in abeyance, and the kindly spirit of fraternity, was timidly but surely reviving among men. But Thiers having made terms with the invader, felt that it was high time to restore "Order", beaurocratic order at home. To Mons. Thiers a governmentalist of the old school, Frenchmen with arms in their hands and presuming to think and even to act for themselves, were even more terrible than the Prussians. But the good folk of Paris having once tasted the sweets of liberty, were not ready to bow their heads to the old yoke, and so instead of giving up their arms and accepting the new goverment as "firm" and beaurocratic as the old one, they made use of those arms to take posession of their city and to drive the National Government outside the walls. They declared the Commune of Paris, and proposed thereafter to enjoy liberty without restraint from without. Of course Mons. Thiers forthwith made war upon them, the soldiers who had failed to keep out the German invaders proved able to reduce their fellow-Frenchmen to subjection. The new Commune suffered all the horrors of a second siege and finally "Order" was restored. It was very like the order that reigned at Warsaw.

A sigh of relief went up throughout the civilized world, the communards were execrated as fiends in human form. Civilization itself, was felt to have been in danger from lhe torch of the "petroleuses" and law abiding Christian folk, everywhere approved and commended the horrible veangeance of the victims.

And now we celebrate each recurring anniversary of the ill starred Commune as a memorable an Epoch making event in the history of humanity.

I have often paid my tribute of admiring appreciation of the men and women of the Commune, who so freely gave their hearts' blood to the course of human Emancipation. I will try today to draw some practical conclusions from this experience, for we are again approaching a crisis, when the chains of our slavery shall seem to grievous to be borne in peaceful submission.

Let us draw, if we can, a lesson for the future from the experience of the past.

What did these Communards want? And why did they fail to get it?

In the first place let us remember that the Communards were not Communists. The great mass of Americans imagine to this day that the outbreak was merely an organized effort of the poor, led by a few adventurers and fanatics to deprive the rich of their possessions. Alas! it was nothing of the kind! The poor continued to hand in their accustumed dues, they did not proceed to occupy even the empty apartments of the rich. Nay, worse! They continued to pay rent, why in the very height of the war, which the National Government was waging against them, when commerce and industry were all but dead, the government of Paris only remitted the payment of two months rent, and peremptorily ordered the payment of all the rest.

I said the "Government of Paris" for the very first thing the Parisians did after kicking out the gov't of Mons. Thiers was to set up another one. This new gov't was a curious hodgepodge of conflicting theories, interests, ambitions and schemes, a mere helpless debating society, incapable of effective action. The clever men in it only served to neutralize each other, if they ever agreed it was where it was too late. They issued pompous proclamations and edicts and meddled and muddled in proportion to their zeal.

Whatever was done to defend and establish the Commune, was done by individual, or popular initiative, in spite of the government.

Of course there were Socialists among the Parisians of that day, the propaganda had been carried on long enough to ensure that. Elisee Reclus was there, and we may be sure that he tried to knock some sense into the heads of his comrades. The followers of Proudhon were represented, and in fact, every school and every theory of social reform then current, had its advocates.

But sad to say, the great mass of radicals had no ideal beyond so called self government, the mere political freedom, and this was all they offered to the people. High sounding words, sonorous phrases, nothing essential. The treasures in the Bank of France were not confiscated, the vaults of the Rothschilds were not demolished, the palaces and the parks of the rich, the decent habitations were not taken by the people, nay, even the stables of the upper ten, which would have been palaces to the outcasts of the slums were "respected". About the only thing tangible and definite that was offered to the great mass, was a name and the alleged privilege of the ballot. And yet, strange as it may seem to the "Scientific" materialists who prove to their own satisfaction that the social question is merely a question of the stomach, there were idealists enough in Paris to wage a most bitter and desperate warfare of defense against the National troops. Nay more there were thousands, who in the final hour of defeat went proudly to death, proclaming to the last their devotion to "La Commune".

Let us honor their memories, let us emulate their zeal, and earnestly strive to be worthy to call them our comrades. But let us also try to profit by their errors and shortcomings. The great mass of the Parisian proletariat did not rally to the defense of the Commune, they did not awaken to a new life, a life of exultation and zeal, that would have transformed them into heroes and heroines. The great mass did not prefer death to submission, and it must be confessed, that the Commune made no appeal strong enough to awaken them to such a life. The Communards failed, not because they were too radical, but because they were not radical enough.

I am not a mere materialist scientific or otherwise, but this I do believe, that the great mass have been fooled by words and phrases so long, so very long, that only a small minority will die for an abstraction. It is not merely that the empty belly must be filled before the mind can conceive great ideas, or the heart glow with generous enthusiasm, (though even this is more than half true) but before the mass of men will really believe in liberty, equality and fraternity, these great and noble words must be made great and noble realities.

If the Commune had proclaimed the abolition of private property, if Communism had been actually inaugurated, if the great mass of toiling slaves had been given a taste of real freedom, of the new social life, the life of all for one and one for all, rest assured, Paris would have been an ash heap, a mighty tomb for its inhabitants before either Thiers or Bismark rode in a conqueror.

Twenty-five years is but a day in the history of a people. Social evolution, we are constantly told, is a very, very slow process. But the last quarter of a century has worked a mighty transformation in the people of France, the radicals of that day would be conservatives now. The Socialists of that time were a mere handful of theorists, who had made no real impression on the great mass. Anarchist Communism was unknown. Political freedom, Republicanism, Local self-government were the highest ideals of advanced radicals. Patriotism of the old narrow and hostile sort was the highest social virtue. Government was respected. Trades unionism had barely made itself felt as a social factor.

To-day it is already a new France that we look on. The political socialists are a mighty host, a factor to be reckoned with by the government. Republicanism has been tried and found wanting, government itself received a fatal blow when the Panama scandal revealed its real essence to all the world, the most devout bourgeois will do no more to-day than defend it as a neccesary evil, a tribute to man's essential vileness. Not only has political Socialism grown into a mighty force, but it has ceased to be the expression of the most advanced social sentiment of France, and this although the French parliamentary Socialists, are far more revolutionary, than their German brethren.

The recent Carmaux episode conclusively proved this. The French trades unionists have become a mighty force, they are no longer content to starve in law abiding submission, and they can not be fooled by fine words from clever leaders. They are begining to demand actual bread and actual freedom.

A new intellectual life has come to France. The old world is dying, the new world is slowly rising to life.

On the one hand we have the art of decadence, the cold merciless portrayal of things as they are, in a society without a social ideal, of which Zola is the great exponent. On the other hand we have a new social life with a living, breathing ideal, pictured by Bakounine, Kropotkine, Reclus, Hamon, Grave and a host of the younger scientists, writers, artists, journalists and orators of France.

Just realize, if you can, what it means that the anarchists of France have 5 weekly journals with circulations of over 10,000, and I don't know how many lesser ones. LES TEMPS NOUVEAUX has 20.000 readers. LA SOCIALE—50,000, and LE LIBERTAIRE, which is soon to be a daily — 100,000. Who can doubt after that, that Anarchist Communism has a hold on the masses in France today, while as for the rising generation of artists, writers and professional men generally, suffice it to say that they support four monthly publications of a high order of literary excellence, and will shortly begin the publication of a daily paper, "La Renaissance."

May its name soon prove prophetic — The-Rebirth.

John H. Edelmann.

THE NEW ERA.

BY P. KROPOTKINE.

"Want of nourishment, want of clothing, want of housing all along the line. Want of everything that renders life in ever so little a degree pleasant or intellectual. Who is there to-day who would dare to dispute these facts ?

"And still we are told of the progress that has already been made, and which is to be so much greater in the future. Well, we hasten to admit this progress where we find it.

"Certainly the peasants of France are far less wretched to-day than they were a hundred years ago. Before they had broken the bonds of serfdom and retaken possession of some small portion of the lands stolen from their Communes by the nobles, they were certainly more miserable than they are at the present time. Let us at once grant the benefits gained between 1789–1793. But we cannot forget, on the other hand, that if the French peasantry no longer as droves of beggars tramp along the highroads by the thousand, it is because the most poverty-stricken among them have already migrated to the towns, and that we now find them in city suburbs—proletarians vastly more wretched than were their forefathers of the countryside.

"Again, we cannot but note a great improvement in English manufacturing centres if we compare the artisan of to-day with his brother of 1840. It is true that here also the dregs of those suffering the greatest poverty have been drained into the suburbs of London, Glasgow or Birmingham, but those remaining behind enjoy more ease than did their fathers between the years of 1840–1848. But then, as we are now aware, that period was one of the darkest and most terrible known to modern history. It was the period of the first unbridled exploitation on the part of the new-born capitalism, when, vulture-like, it swooped down on populations subdued by bourgeois law, despoiled of their lands, reduced to hunger, disdisarmed for six centuries. Europe had never known an era so disastrous as this of a victorious capitalism become a master of men by the law that made hanging the penalty for strikes, and by the hunger that preyed upon a peasantry hunted from their lands.

"It is easy to speak of amelioration when taking this epoch as the point of comparison. But if we look back a hundred, two hundred, or even three hundred years, the scene changes completely. When we turn, not to those economists who reach their conclusions off-hand, but to those who have spent their lives in the study of prices and wages—men like Thorold Rogers, the Oxford professor—we see that the prosperity of the best paid laborer or artisan of to-day is greatly inferior to that of the humblest laborer or workingman of the Middle Ages. The daily statement of wages inserted in the registers of that period and

the price of commodities noted upon the records of sales are there to prove it.

"Confronted with such facts as these, the panegyrists of bourgeois progress would do better to keep a discreet silence.

"At all events, the well paid workmen form the minority. What, then about the others? The patient researches of Charles Booth (the statistician) will tell us. His inquiry made from house to house in the east and southeast of London, proves that out of the five million inhabitants of that great city, one million and a half—more than a quarter of the population—have not so much as eighteen shillings ($4.35) a week (and by family) assured to them. When they are certain of the meagre pittance they consider themselves happy. But during two, three or four months of the year they are unable to make even this sum per family, and their distress accordingly becomes extreme. And, remember, it is not ten or twenty thousand people who are thus situated, it is more than a quarter of the population of the wealthiest commercial capital in the world.

"What about other cities? What about the agricultural population, whose maximum gains per family amount to some $3 a week, and who are only secure of that when the weather is open and they are able to work? Finally, what of that one-tenth of the population of our large cities—I mean those thousands who have nothing, and yet have to live from day to day?

"Note, moreover, that this quarter, or rather this third of the urban population of England—of the country, that is, which has attained the greatest industrial development, and which exists at the expense of the entire world over and above its own natural riches—note that these millions only earn this uncertain $3 or $4.35 as long as there is no crisis. When a crisis arrives, they no longer have this sum a week per family. And these crises, as economists know, are not the exception but the rule. Certain of them recur periodically every ten or twelve years, with the same regularity as the spots on the sun and the droughts in the East. Others take longer to mature. Yet a third have no regular period of recurrence, arriving like comets; while a fourth class are local, occurring when some industry migrates from its original centre to some other part of the country, where "hands" are cheaper. Sometimes all four kinds fall upon us together. Then we have famine, typhus, some plague, as lately seen in Russia and Germany. It is the stoppage of industries which work by and for the peasant, and which stagnate for want of purchasers; or else it is a cotton famine in Yorkshire, or a crisis in sugar, as in Dundee in 1886, or a crisis in the iron trade, such as we experienced a few years ago. It means the blackest misery, hunger-stricken men and women, the decimation of children, whole families broken up, enforced, emigration and suffering beyond seas amid the malarial fevers of distant lands.

"A little cropping up of prosperity here and there a great deal of misery everywhere, and everywhere that feeling of insecurity for to-morrow which intrudes even into the palaces of the rich—this is what we should find if, instead of talking about brilliant sum totals, we studied the unit, the individual.

"But when we think of the almost incredible struggles that the working classes have gone through during the present century to gain the little they own; when we think of their revolts, their strikes, their coalitions, and of the hunger and countless miseries endured during each strike; when we remember the martyrs without number that every strike, every revolt, every little act of rebellion or attempt at coalition has to record; when we recollect all that these rebels, their wives and children have had to suffer each time that they sought to fetter exploitation, and when before us rise the dead bodies of May, June—of every month of so many years—what about progress then? Small as it is, it is not due to the development of capitalism. On the contrary it has been wrung from the monster by sheer force. If the capitalist, aided by his faithful valet, the government, has not by means of law and hunger, succeeded in reducing the workman into actual bondage, it is because the latter has had his moments of revolt; it is because he struggled, at the price of nameless privations and numberless victims. It is with a stone or a torch in his hand, somtimes with a rifle at his shoulder, that he has torn from the vampire an infinitesimal portion of that which might have come to him from the scientific progress of the century. Every penny gained on wages, every liberty earned in the workshop is marked by the corpses of workmen; and if only the number of these victims could be counted, no one would dare talk to him about "progress" already gained.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTICE.

(From Les Temps Nouveaux.)

The intellectual benefit of the lectures that Kropotkine was going to deliver will not be lost, because our friend will publish in pamphlet form that, which governmental brutality kept him from telling us from the rostrum.

The two subjects treated in this work will be:

1st) Anarchy, its philosophy, its ideal;

2nd) The State, the part it played in history.

Our Journal was already out when the news of Kropotkine's arrest at Dieppe became known to us.

We would have liked to hold a meeting of protestation to take the place of the announced lecture, although we, of "The Temps Nouveaux," try to write our thoughts, we are not accustomed to speak in public, but we could have counted upon the help of certain comrades, among others Sebastien Faure.

Material difficulties however impeded us from thundering out our indignation in the face of the

government. We regret it.

On the other hand, perhaps it is better so.

To protest is puerile, coming from those already convinced that all politics are irreconciliable with the strictest honesty.

A semi-official newspaper writes cynically as follows:

"The government could not have acted differently "than it has done. At the same hour, when at "Nice, the President of the Republic was convers- "ing with the Czar's brother, it was impossible "to allow the Czar to be violently attacked in "Paris."

"Now every one knows that prince Kropotkine "is the implacable adversary of the Russian au- "tocracy and that he never allows an occasion to "pass of saying what he thinks of the sovereign "of France's ally. The Minister of the Interior "would have proved himself to be very undiplo- "matic if he had permitted any one in the world "to imagine that the public powers were associat- "ing themselves in the least degree with a lecture "detrimental to the interests of the Russian na- "tion and the French fatherland."

Although judging at hazard the intentions of Kropotkine, This *valet* of the press, told the truth about his masters.

The radical and almost socialist ministry that the conquerors of the power flatter so often and so vilely, could not allow to pass so fine an occasion to abase itself before the saber of an emperor. That in a lecture on social philosophy could be pronounced invectives against the Russian autocracy, was improbable. That which could not be allowed was, that a revolutionary Slav should put his foot on French soil, while platitudes were being exchanged between president Faure and the Tzarevitch.

And why should one have spared this new coquetry of a nation already all prostituted to her imperial lover? The present government has risked nothing in token of the holy alliance, but a man's liberty,—a very small thing.

Is it not a long time since that the glorious past of a nation all made of fraternal sympathy to oppressed peoples, was immolated to the oppressive regime of our Russian brothers. Then without vainly recriminating, let us learn a lesson through this new infamy and let us work with all our force to overthrow the social order, in which men who think are tracked like wild beasts, while brutes and drunkards triumph.

Les Temps Nouveaux.

Last Echoes of the Expulsion of Kropotkine.

Our readers know the despicable attitude of the *Intransigeant* in this affair, Rochefort trying to explain the ministerial attitude by invoking diplomatic reasons. We also believed in this fable. But a friend well acquainted with the facts, in receipt of information from a reliable source, informs us that our friend was expelled by the Bourgeois ministry, in order to give a proof of friendliness to the Right.

Another detail:—When they brought the news to the office of the *Petite Republique* (the Socialist organ) all the reporters present except one, appeared to be pleased by the action of their ally. We record this state of feeling of the socialists, simply because it supports that which we already knew: that the more advanced they are — in theory, when it is a question of putting down an adversary, — the more reactionary they are when they hold the power.

Jean Grave,—Les Temps Nouveaux

NOTICE TO OUR READERS AND COMRADES.

Comrade John Turner, editor of the *London Freedom*, has arrived in this country and is about to start on a lecture tour through the States. In all probability he will lecture under the auspices of a lecture agency, which, after the stranding of Comrade Mowbray on his tour of last summer, is the most practical thing under the circumstances. He will lecture in and around New York during the whole of April, his first meeting having been announced for the 8th of April in Helvetia, Hall 54-56 Van Houten Street, Paterson, N. J.

At any rate comrades in various industrial centres will be informed of our friends approach in time to to give them the opportunity of aiding him in the propaganda work he is going to carry on in this country.

Groups desirous of having our friend lecture for them, whenever he may be ready to comply with this request, are asked to address themselves to this office.

Rebel Publishiug Group.

EXPLANATORY.

We are a little late this time, but our right-hand man was called away on important business, connected with the movement, and one of our editors has been unable through illness to attend to the necessary work of getting out THE REBEL.

We thank all the comrades who have kindly assisted us to procure needed funds. We are especially indebted to the Buffalo comrades who sent us $20.00 balance of the "Mowbray Defense Fund." So much the more that we wonld have been seriously embarrassed in our work without this timely aid. Thanks are dne to comrade Voltairine de Cleyre, whose watchfulness and care for the interests of THE REBEL at all times are appreciated.

To date from next issue, there will appear a monthly statement of all sums of money received.

The Firebrand, Liberty Library, and The Rebel have decided to offer the three publications at $1.00 per year to anarchist readers. No subscribtions taken for less than one year. Application may be made to the office of either of the papers.

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☞ We shall not be responsible for any remittances but those addressed to H. M. KELLY, 174 Hanover St., Boston, Mass. Subscribers, groups, and readers please heed this!

NOTES.

"We are all Equal before the Law."

Some months ago a young son of Gen. Flagler of Washington D. C. a mere child, in boyish playfulness picked a few bunches of grapes from the arbor of a negro resident. The grown up daughter of the owner was at home, and picking up a revolver fired at and killed the boy. The grief of the parents and the indignation of the citizens may well be imagined. The papers were filled with the story, and every minister of the city preached eloquent sermons on the subject. The terrible consequences of having fire arms in the possession of such irresponsible and vicious creatures as this "Nigger wench" was pointed out by every intelligent person. At first it was thought the public indignation at the brutal atrocity would lead to an immediate application of "Lynch law," but better counsels prevailed, and the murderess was placed in jail to await the regular course of legal procedure.

After a fair and impartial trial, in which every effort was made to mitigate the cool, deliberate nature of the butchery, the inevitable sentence of death was rendered by a fair and impartial jury, of which several members were colored citizens. The murderess has just expiated her crime on the scaffold. That is to say, it would have been that way, only the boy was a negro, and the young lady, who did the killing was a daughter of General Flagler, consequently of course, the trial which was only forced on the authorities by the clamor of the rabble, resulted quite differently. The young lady pleaded guilty to a charge of involuntary manslaughter, at a private session of the Court held at an unusual hour to exclude publicity, and the sentence was 3 hours' imprisonment and fine of 500 dollars. The young lady retired to the private parlor of the sheriff and held a levee of her friends for 3 hours. The General wrote a check, and Justice was done.

And "We are all Equal before the Law."

* * *

ANOTHER BITTER EXPERIENCE.

The great strike of the Piece Work Tailors of Berlin, of which our friend, "The Socialist", hoped such great things, seems to have collapsed.

Much talk—no money—good advice—no bread. Alas!

* * *

ITALY IN AFRICA.

King Humbert and Crispi are not having a very easy time in Abyssinia. That is to say the poor devils whom they have sent to conquer the negro kingdom, are dying of fever, starvation and exposure like sheep with the foot-rot, and now they are being butchered like sheep in a Chicago slaughter house, 3000 of them were killed in a recent battle. And the negroes instead of being a mere unarmed horde of savages, were equipped with high grade rifles and knew how to use them. The Italians are very indignant.

If my words could reach them, I would advise the poor devils in Africa to come home forthwith, and make war on king Humbert and his gang and leave Africa to the Africans.

* * *

THEY ALL SEE IT.

And occasionally an indiscreet fellow tells what he sees. The reverend Courtland Meyers, a Methodist preacher in Brooklyn, recently preached on the Coal trust. Here is a quotation from the sermon:—

> "Some day there will be an uprising and justice will lead this poverty-stricken mob to victory. In that event I shall carry a musket for the slaughter of selfishness and injustice and inhumanity."

All right—Comrade, we shall welcome you to the ranks.

* * *

THEY ALL SEE IT,

That is all the plutocracy and their intellectual lackeys. Take this note fron the N. Y. Herald as an illustration.

> There are said to be more than a thousand organized mining companies in the Cripple Creek district. The organized poorhouses will come later.

If any anarchistic reader of the REBEL can sum up the present system more tersely and truly, I wish he or she would send the paragraph on for immediate publication.

* * *

DR. WEBB'S NEW HOUSE.

> SCARBOROUGH, N. Y., Feb. 8.—W. Seward Webb, Vice-President of the New York Central Railroad, is having plans prepared for a new marble palace, which he is going to erect on his property here. The Sinclair & Young marble quarry at Tuckahoe has secured the contract to furnish the marble. Mr. Webb intends to spend about $1,500,000 on the house. The style of architecture will be a modification of the Chateau Renaissance. The house itself, including verandas, will be nearly 300 feet long and 130 feet wide. It is to be situated on an elevation, surrounded by beautiful Italian flower gardens and winding roads, and will command an extended view of the Hudson River for miles both north and south.
>
> —New York Sun.

And as the poor working man out of a job tramps

along the distant highway, in view of this palace, he can fill his eyes with its magnificence, in lieu of filling his belly with a square meal. And he can reflect the while, that this is a free country with "equal rights to all, special privileges to none," for its motto. And then he will feel better — or not.

* * *

CAPTIVATED BY BILTMORE.

Secretary Morton spends a week with George Vanderbilt.
He says there is nothing in the world, owned by sovereign or subject, that will compare with the famous estate — an object lesson in agriculture and art.

WASHINGTON, March 14.—Secretary of Agriculture Morton returned this morning from Asheville, N. C., where he has been spending a week or so, investigating Biltmore, the famous estate of George Vanderbilt, and he told his colleagues at the Cabinet meeting to-day that there is nothing in the world owned by sovereign or subject, that will compare with it, either as a residence or as an object lesson in the agricultural arts.

"It is a grand idea," said Mr. Morton to-day, "that young Mr. Vanderbilt is trying to carry out. It is unique, and none but a man of his enormous wealth could undertake it. Few kings have either funds or the good of their people at heart sufficient to conceive and carry out what Mr. Vanderbilt has successfully demonstrated. I do not know how much money he has spent there, nor how much more he intends to invest, but it is one of the grandest undertakings that individual enterprise ever attempted, and I understand that it is the owner's intention to leave it as a legacy to the public when he can no longer enjoy it himself.

"There are 95,000 acres in the estate, and every inch of it may be said to be under scientific cultivation, embracing every branch of the vegetable kingdom. Combined with it, he has the most perfect system of roadways I have ever seen, and you can drive one hundred miles over macadamized pavement without going off his estate. As an exhibition of landscape gardening it is without an equal. Frederick Law Olmsted has had charge of that branch of the work, and the late Richard M. Hunt was the architect of all the buildings, which, for their several uses, surpass any that exist on the earth. There are no palaces in Europe that can equal Mr. Vanderbilt's for elegance, comfort and convenience, and he is gathering there a collection of works of art that would make it famous if it had no other attraction. His stables, his barns, his dairies, his propagating houses, his henneries, and other features of his establishment are all on the same grand scale. He has undertaken to furnish the highest possible example of the science of food culture in every one of its branches. He has employed the best men he can find to take charge of his experiments, and pays them salaries that are commensurate with their services. There are Germans and Frenchmen and Italians and Englishmen, as well as Americans, employed. The foreigners are usually men of high professional reputations, who are attached to universities in the Old World, and spend their vacations, three, four, or six months, on Mr. Vanderbilt's estate looking after their respective departments.

I have often been accused of exaggerating the power of the plutocracy in the United States. If any one thinks so after reading the above, one of these things is evident, either my imaginative powers are greater than those of JULES VERNE and ALEXANDER DUMAS put together, or — that person is a damned fool. I have reserved some more of Secretary MORTON'S remarks for next issue.

* * *

BLACKMAIL LEVIED BY FIREMEN.

Exemption bought from the precautions against fire required by law.

Fire Commissioner La Grange said yesterday that he had reason to suspect that wholesale blackmail was being levied by officials of the department on owners of hotels, theatres, factories, and similar buildings.

Money was obtained, he explained, by allowing certain buildings to go without fire signals connected with the department, fire extinguishers, and means for the prevention of fire required by law.

President La Grange maintains that factories in a large proportion of cases have escaped, and that merely a few hotels and theatres have been compelled to comply with the law.

"The fire captains are greatly to blame for this", said Mr. La Grange, "for an unnecessary amount of power has been given to them in this direction. Their discretion has proven to be of the most worthless kind, and the law, as a whole, has been systematically evaded. It is time that a radical change was made, and I am for vigorous measures. No time will be lost in making a searching investigation, and I will do my utmost to send any of the force found guilty of blackmail to prison."

Commissioner Ford said in regard to this statement:

"Gen. La Grange usually knows what he is talking about, and in this instance he hits the mark squarely. There is undoubtedly an opportunity for blackmail in this matter, probably greater than was ever known in the most corrupt times of Tweed, and under cover of the law. We have been for months listening to complaints of theatrical managers, hotel proprietors, and others who say they have been forced to pay $170 and $180 a year, or such prices as the companies, which had heretofore held the monopoly of connection with the Fire Department, chose to levy upon them, while competitors, in their respective lines, have been either excused or overlooked in the matter. In fact, the law has not been enforced impartially. Infant asylums, blind asylums, Little Sisters of the Poor, and other institutions of a like nature have been compelled to pay for these connections, while some of our richest clubs and steamship companies, where hundreds of men are employed, have had their connections made without charge. The injustice of this is manifest. We propose now that the law shall be enforced, and that there shall be no exceptions; either this or the law must be repealed."

When anarchists tell the dupes who pay the bills, what the real nature and functions of Government are, we are at best dismissed with a "superior" smile as mere Theorists, now here are facts. Reformers will please note that this Government is a "reformed" one.

* * *

THE LIFE OF THE PROLETARIAT.

FOUND THEIR MOTHER DEAD.

The pitiable plight of the three little sons of the widow Reidle.

Hubert, seven years old; Frederick, eight, and Charles, eleven, the three children of Mrs. Wilhelmina Reidle, of 460 Ninth avenue, were committed yesterday to the care of the Gerry society. The boys' mother died on Friday. Their father died five years ago. Mrs. Reidle supported the boys since their father's death by doing housework and taking in washing. The boys were sent to school every day and were kept comfortably clad. A year ago Mrs. Reidle was taken ill with consumption. A month ago she became so bad that she had to take to her bed. Neighbors looked after her children and saw that they received their meals and went to school. They also took turns in caring for Mrs. Reidle.

On Friday morning the three boys kissed their mother good-by and went to school. Shortly after 3 o'clock in the

afternoon the neighbor who was watching Mrs. Reidle thought that she was asleep and went to her own apartments. When she returned she found that the children had returned from school. The boys were leaning over their mother, kissing her and begging her to speak to them. The mother was dead. The neighbor quickly took the three children away and sent for the police. They notified the Gerry society, and Agent Hayes took charge of the boys.

Mrs. Reidle had a small insurance policy on her life, made out in favor of her sons. She also had $136.25 in a savings bank in their names. The Gerry society will keep the children until their aunt in Philadelphia can be communicated with.

And this was a very, very mild case, the poor wretched slave was able to toil up to a month of her death, and her neighbors, poor people like herself, helped her to the last. But just imagine what would have happened if she could not have paid the rent!

* * *

"Is Anarchism Practicable Now?"

If you want to read the most sensible, sincere, and clear discussion of that question that I ever saw. then read Comrade Addis' article in the Firebrand of March 8th.

J. H. E.

Comrades who may have to spare, copies of the following publications are requested to send them to Com. A. Hamon, 132 Avenue de Clichy, Paris, France, who has need of them for his "Sociological Studies".

The Alarm (Chicago); "Solidarity" (New York.) 1892. "Grido degli Oppressi" (New York.) "The Altrurian." "The Altruist." "Freiheit" or any other American anarchistic journals. He also would be obliged for "Why Government at all?" by Van Ornum, and "Facts and Figures for Workingmen—Solidarity pamphlet 1892."

TRADES UNIONISTS OF BOSTON.

Editor of "The Rebel":—

Will you kindly give space in your April issue to the following notice?

The United Brewery Workers of the United States have for some time past been engaged in a struggle for the existence of their Union against "The Bergner & Engel Brewing Co." of Philadelphia; George Ehret, of New York, and "The Narragansett Brewing Co.," Providence, R. I. Many of the Boston dealers in the products of the above firms have agreed to use their influence to have our union recognized by these three brewers, but:—

Jacob Wirth, 37 Eliot Street; "The Hub Billiard Parlor," Court Street; and "The Abbott" 86 Summer Street, refuse to lend their assistance in this work and remarked:

"They would be tickled to death, if we should all go that intensely torrid Zone, from which no traveler returneth!

Yours fraternally,
L. N. 14 United Brewery Workers
of the United States.

Boston, April, 1896.

THE SORT OF PEOPLE VENEZUELANS ARE.

From a Bourgeois Journal.

There are no people as a whole so absurdly provincial or so throughly self-satisfied as the English-speaking populations of the world. Their ideas, their methods, their civilizations are, they believe, divinely inspired and ordained, and the nations that are not possessed of them are very much to be pitied.

The Venezuelans do not seem to be especially grieved by British opinion, nor especially concerned by British rage; and they seem to get along very well with a civilization whose roots reach back to the empire of the Caesars.

The Venezuelans are Spanish-Americans, speaking the sonorous tongue of Castile and living under laws and customs that are flavored with the tradition of old Spain.

Climate and environing conditions have united to preserve the freshness and virility in the Venezuelan, which his Spanish ancestor has lost. Industrialism and commercialism, the twin curses of our civilization, are practically unknown in Venezuela, her people depending on her fields and forests, her pastures and her mines for the measure of prosperity she enjoys. Fruit and flowers are everywhere; a fertile soil yields bountiful harvest under moderate work; a bland and balmy climate makes hard and unremitting toil a folly. Cold and hunger, the potent allies of plutocracy, are unknown in such a land. Gaunt, red mills whose, wheels grind out at once pauperism and plethora, are fortunately few, and the hard conditions of our industrial civilization, are happily absent from the land. The dreadful, future rainy day is never in the eye of the Venezuelan living in the land of plenty; and hence the thrift and selfishness of North America are not conspicuous on the shores of the Caribbean. The hurry and rush of our life, that leaves so many nerveless wrecks at sixty, are absent from the free and careless life of the tropics; they add neither balm nor beauty to human kind and are impossible under Venezuelan skies.

The Spanish-American is a philosopher; music and art mean much more to him than to us; he is imaginative, and poesy appeals to him. Freedom to him is an ideal thing, a bird on the wing; with us it is a caged canary, sefely locked up to be looked at We make a fetich of law and order; the Venezuelan does not care to be misgoverned, insulted, and robbed under forms of law While we bear legal outrage and law-made annoyance with the patient endurance of the ass, the Venezuelan draws his sword and destroys both the bad law and evil law-maker with one blow. Hence the ease with which he enters upon war and revolution. When he learns like us to love dollars better than ideas, order more than freedom, law more than justice, mammon more than man, chaff more than wheat, he may attain to our higher civilization. Meantime I have a sneaking regard for his ways.

The Venezuelan is a man who lives out of doors very close to nature. His home is built with no idea of defying all-conquering nature, for nature is kind, if resistless, to him.

The vast plains, or llanos, stretching from the Orinoco out towards Guiana, are devoted to cattle and horse raising; and the wild, free life of the plain makes the llanero as brave and free as our own cowboys of the West. He lives with his herds owning allegiance to his home estancia coming to the little towns on the river only when he needs a new excitement. The heat and vastness of the llano are in his fibre, and he has an honest scorn for the trader and dweller in the city. Armed with machate and tiera he

fears no foe, and it was of such material that Crespo began his successful revolution.

The people are orderly and industrious from the Venezuelan point of view; the hustling owner of a factory or a rolling-mill migh call them lazy and thriftless; yet the average man will agree with the Venezuelan that the whole object of life and living is not death and accumulation. In his bamboo house, thatched with palm leaves, equipped with a hammock and a few cooking utensils, surrounded by his tiny farm —the laboring man, the bottom of the social stratum of Venezuela, is as independent as the birds of the forest. Some coffee bushes, some rows of beans, some tobacco plants, a patch of yams, a row of mandioca trees, and the fruits of the forest suffice to supply his physical wants. Forest and stream add to his humble table; balmy airs and wholesome sunshine preserve his health; and the grandest mountains of the continent, garbed in the richest foliage, smile down on him to preserve the sanity of his soul. Happy, contented, frugal, abstemious, kindly, and hospitable, free from care that carks and poverty that grinds, the humble Venezuelan is a king beside our sweating, toiling worker, urged on to age and decrepitude by the resistless forces of industrialism and the haunting spectres of hunger and poverty.

Among the hills and forests are thousands of streams and rivers running down the slopes to feed the Amazon, the Orinoco, and the Margarita. Their sands are yellow with gold, the gold which for ages the Peruvian incas gathered to adorn their palaces and temples. The vagrant, restless, and adventurous, who scorn even the ease of Venezuelan rural life, plunge out into these virgin wilds with pick and cradle to gather the precious metal; and in its total, the gatherings of these "gambusinos" adds materially to the wealth of the land.

In Caracas and the other cities of Venezuela the population in commerce and the professions are, after we discount the differences of climate, habits, and customs, and language, much the same as those of any land. These cities have their educated and refined classes, who surpass our own in their knowledge of and devotion to the higher things of life, — art, music, and letters, — but who, dropped down into any centre of civilization, would be known as courteous and charming people, differing little from any others. Venezuela has her soldiers and diplomats, her scholars, painters, singers and writers, whose standards are as high as any; but it is beyond the city that we must look for the life that is distinctly Venezuelan, that picturesque life that adds so much to the charm of the land.

Within six days' sail of New York, over seas of beauty the seeker after novelty will find in Venezuela, side by side, the grandeur of Nature's vastest handiwork, and cities of beauty, modernity, and picturesque charm. He will find a people simple, kindly, honest and interesting; a climate to restore the nerveless and sooth the harried, a land delightful to the eye, and pleasing to all the senses, and free from the greed and vices that lurk everywhere in the decrepit Orient.

The man who is exhausted with the struggle of our daily life, the nerve-wrecked worker of the age, who has grown blue and bilious with the greed and vulgarity of the times, should fly in the winter months to Venezuela and among a fresh, kindly people, who still cherish the primitive virtues of hospitality and brotherhood, among scenes of beauty and natural novelty, that soothe the nerves and calm the heart, recover his normal touch, so that he may go back to the hurly-burly with his vigor and youth renewed. The easy-going, pleasure-loving, merry-voiced Venezuelans will bring back his nerve; the soft Castillian song, the music of guitar and mandolin, the refusal to rush and hurry when all invites to ease and comfort, will give a new point of view, and teach him that there is something for man to gain besides wealth.

The Illustrated American.

A FEW HINTS TO AN INQUIRER.

(Continued.)

And now I hear you say: what are you going to do about it? A great deal, or very little, just as you look at it. In the very first place, all Anarchist Communists that I know of, are Revolutionists, that is, they believe that no real social improvment is possible until the present social system is completely abolished. And further, that this abolition can only be brought about by a mighty uprising of the discontented, that will completely shatter the fetters of law and authority, that now hold us in boddage. Still, I, for me, lay but little stress on merely revolutionary activity. The Revolution will come in spite of all the palliative chemes of law abiding reformers, and equally in spite of all the terrorism of governments, official, and unofficial. Nay more, it will come the sooner through that very terrorism. And in no country more surely than our own. "New masters are strict masters" says the German Proverb, and our masters, our Rockefellers, Vanderbilts, Carnegies and their ilk, are very new masters indeed they came suddenly into obscurity to such unrestrained and irresistible power, as no set of men ever wielded before. It would be strange if their arrogance were not in proportion to their power. It is a mistake to regard our aristocracy as a mere set of money grabbers, who regard money making as their sole aim. On the contrary, a mere fraction of their money is suffiicient to satisfy all their material wants, their great aim is emotional, they are under the influence of the greatest and most absorbing of all selfish passions, the sense of power. To rule, to hold sway over the affairs of men is the great desire of our conquerors, as it is and was of every conquering caste. And our politicians in public office, most of them poor parvenues, whose highest gratification it usually is, that office has made them socially eligible, who generally have no secure position either social, or financial, who can wonder at their alacrity to serve and defend their real masters, the plutocracy, against that herd of dupes the "Sovereign" People.

The great strikes of the last few years have all been treated as revolts against the government, and have been ruthlessly repressed by military force and judicial decisions. "Order" has been restored, but the causes that led to the strikes, have not been removed, on the contrary, they are more potent to-day than ever before; moreover, the men who struck have not fallen into hopeless apathy. They are misled by self selected leaders, they are cajoled by priests and politicians, but they will strike, and strike again until it becomes clear to them, that the capitalist and the government are one, that a revolt against the rule of the one, is a rebellion against theother. And then?

Why then the Revolution is at hand, for here in the United States it is not the fear of the policeman or the army that holds the masses in subjection, but their belief in our alleged freedom, their superstitious reverence for the laws, their faith in ballot. Let there superstitions be destroyed, and army and police and all the

paltry machinery of forcible repression, so carefully prepared for the day of wrath to come, will be swept away, like a house of cards in a hurricane. For even the "common" American is a fighter, and not given to holding his life at a very high valuation, once his passions are aroused.

In European countries statesmen admit the danger of revolt from the intelligent wage-workers of the great industrial centers, but they rest secure in the faith, that the stupidly loyal peasantry can still be depended on to come in and kill off enough of the discontented, to restore the rest to obedience to God and the state.

The Paris Commune was a case in point. But in this country the farmers of the West and South at least are the most revolutionary element in the population. True they hope for legal reform. but even now they assert their determination to get what they are after by force, if lawful means will not suffice. They can not be depended on to come in and massacre the rioting wage earners, in the interests of of the powers to be. I had written this sentence when Tillman's article on Wall street, in the N. Y. World, was handed to me.

Here you have a politician, who has attained the great position, senator of the U. S., who commends himself to his constituency, by preaching the social revolution, in language as plain as his vocabulary affords. I think you will admit that, that constituency must be a rather unreliable prop to the present system. True, these people are not communists or anarchists, neither are the working men at large. The farmers look for a restoration af "good times", that is to say, high price for farm products, low taxes, low railroad freights, and cheap money. The wage earners want steady work, short hours, high wages, and but little more. And right here is where our work begins. We tell them the truth, the simple truth, that 'good times' can not be brought about under the present order. We show them, that the commercial system needs masters and slaves, plutocrats and paupers, of necessity, its very nature, and not on account of any abuse of it that could be reproved lawfuly or otherwise. And we also tell them, that government is essentially domination of men by men, that the words "free government" are coupled opposites, iike day and night, light and darkness. That as a matter of fact the so called free or representative government, are as brutally despotic as any other kind. Therefore we oppose these of our revolutionary brethren, who believe as we do, that the present system must be replaced by one, that will ensure bread to all, but who also believe that this can be done by gaining possessioon of the government, and then transferring to it all the privileges and administrative functions of the capitalists.

This system of authoritorianism or state socialism. could it be carried out,—would create such an all stifling atmosphere of petty burocratic despotism, that the rank and file might well long for a return of capitalism. Fortunately it is an impossibility; the only thing that keeps the present system in motion is the opportunity it gives for individual and local initiation. The all-embracing centralized social machinery imagined by the scientific(?) theories of state socialism, would come to an ignominous end, if it were ever set up, from internal friction alone. But there is no danger, state socialism is a mule, the offspring of revolutionary communism and "good citizenship", that is to say, dutiful submission to constituted authority. Without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity.

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIAL INFERNO.

How many scenes of human wretchedness we pass by unnoticed in the busy bustle of every-day life —this ceaseless struggle to be at the top of the ladder, and to force our fellow combatants down the pit! How many cries of agony and despair are heaved which never reach us, or which, if by chance they should, we quickly stifle.

Go down that squalid slum, reeking with filth and brutishness. There on the pavement, outside the saloon, lies a woman. She is still young, and has evidently been handsome. But what a wreck! What an awful human sacrifice on the altar of social greed and indifference! She screams hysterically, and kicks and reviles all who approach her. "Take me home! Take me back to mother!" I hear her yell as I pass on. "Take me *home*." What bitter irony.

A little further on I pass a group of street-children playing. Dirty and hungry-looking they certainly are. But they laugh and romp, not yet seeming to fully understand that they have *no* right to joy, *no* right to happiness. Standing apart from her comrades, leaning up against the railings of one of the dingy houses, is a little girl; livid and hollow-eyed, with drawn features and an old face on which are marked the miseries of 9 long years! Her hands are blue with cold, and she cries aimlessly, poor little thing; but no one heeds her, and the world is not one jot the worse off for it! A few days later there is a coroner's inquest, a "death from natural causes" is recorded.

In a cold, cheerless little room, the autumn sun casts its first rays, and reveals to a horrified group of men and women a sickening, yet very common sight. On a bare bed lies the body of a young man apparently aged about two or three-and-twenty. The eyes are glazed and staring, the jaw distorted, the face is a livid green, and much emaciated. His head hangs helplessly over the side of the bed, the features seem scarcely in repose after the last struggle, the last convulsions. On the table, amongst a few other papers, is a short note: "I have struggled very hard to live, but I see I must give in at last. Please forgive me for all the trouble. I am sorry to be unable to pay up the last two weeks.—John Arnold."

In a hospital ward, a young woman, a mere girl in years, tosses restlessly over and over in her bed. Trouble, hardships, and disease have worked havoc on her delicate, pretty face. As the fever makes headway, she becomes rapidly delirious. "Curse him!" she mutters, as she fixes her eyes vacantly on the nurse. "Curse him!" He's ruined my life, he's killed me! But where is she, where is my baby?" and she gropes about in her bed. "Oh, they've taken it from me, they've stolen it, they've killed it too! Oh God! Curse them all, curse them all!" And she tosses over again. "Poor girl! she won't be long before she joins it," says the nurse, looking at her pityingly. "She can't be more than about 17, but it's the trouble and sorrow done it."

How bright and sunny it is to-day, as I walk

along the crowded thoroughfare! What a bustle of well-dressed women, and cigar-smoking, tailor-made men! Staggering along, with his eyes fixed on the refuse in the gutter, is a tall, strongly-built, but hideously wasted, fleshless-looking man, of some thirty years! His expression is that of 70. He knocks up against every one he passes. "B. . . you!" he mutters as he staggers into a well-dressed young man who hurries on in disgust. . . . A week later I am standing in a small crowd reading with avidity the description of a "body found" in the Thames.

In a bare filthy room a mother sits nursing a dead child in her arms. The baby was some 9 months old, but its body is wasted to a mere skeleton. The woman is thin and haggard, she breathes heavily, and every now and then she mutters to herself. "A little milk was all it needed, poor little soul; and to think I couldn't give it him!" . . . The room is bare, the hearth is empty; on the remains of a table there are a half a loaf of stale bread; an empty tin, and a knife. "Why couldn't mine live, while others grow fat and healthy?" she cries out furiously. "I'll kill one, by Christ I will, as they wouldn't let mine live." A well-fed, well-clad child passes the house in a perambulator. The poor desperate mother rushes out and cuts its throat from ear to ear, swearing and laughing hysterically. The nurse-maid rushes away screaming. The woman is arrested, tried and hanged. . . .

And now at last a loud cry of horror is raised! "The monster! the tigress!" are exclaimed over well-cooked breakfasts and blazing fires; whilst the "deaths from starvation" and the "suicides" are passed over as ever-day occurrences of civilized life. H. R.

WORLD'S EXPOSITION IN THE YEAR 2,000.

(A sketch which did not win the prize in the late *Times-Herald* competition.)

BY LIZZIE M. HOLMES.

The sun rose and sent a burst of glory over the sparkling lake, and glittering, smokeless city, that seemed to spring out of the water itself and stretch far away toward the western sky. At the same instant, music rich, soft, all-pervading, swelled out upon the still, sweet air, strains that could be heard in all parcs of the city, and whose source could not be determined by the sound; a grand succession of rich harmonies in new and inspiring modulations, whose motif was action—enthusiastic, pleasurable action. A thousand banners were flung out at once and myriads of brilliant colors glowed against the whfte, dazzling buildings. The morning sky with its roseate, golden and purple tints, seemed a great dome decorated for a world's festival, the earth beneath with its joyous splendor, a vast auditorium fitted up to receive the peoples of all nations. And the throngs that surged out of their houses and through the clean, noiseless streets, as the day grew brighter, warranted the thought. The Great Exposition of the World's Productions opened at daybreak.

Out on the lake itself a magnificent view rested under the clear sunlight. Wonderful constructions rose from the waters as though resting upon them, of most graceful and harmonious shapes and formed of a shining material resembling silver intermingled with a bright crystal substance. They extended along the lake shore for a distance of two miles and were connected with the land by hundreds of delicate looking but strong, arched bridges. Around every structure were wide, smooth walks, shaded by graceful awnings whose light supports were twined with luxuriant vines and flowers. Innumerable boats of various sizes and shapes glided over the water between the buildings, without noise or smoke or any visible motive power. Broad, white steps led down to the water at short intervals. Over all, there rested an air of cheerfulness and pleasing activity that set every heart to beating high with happiness and expectation.

The principal avenue to the exposition buildings was a magnificent, great bridge built of marble, silver and several new and wonderful compositions in building material. The floor was firm, yet not too hard and unyielding and gave back no sound to footstep or wheel. Grand pillars supported a majestic archway which spanned the structure; above the arch stood an imposing statue—a figure of lofty proportions, and perfect symmetry, with limbs indicative of marvelous strength and suppleness, a splendid head set proudly upon massive shoulders, and hands that seemed to quiver with power and eagerness to act. A heap of broken chains lay at his feet, and a beautiful, penetrating light glowed from a crown on his forehead. The statue represented the "Spirit of Industry." The crowds of people pouring through the grand entrance way, appeared happy, prosperous and genial. There was no distinguishing classes by the quality or style of dress, the variety displayed was simply from the differences in taste, and all were gracefully, lightly, and comfortably clad.

It would be vain to endeavor to describe the manifold productions displayed in the liberal arts building and other departments. There were all kinds of furniture and decorative ware formed of gold, silver, crystal, aluminum and manufactured materials as pliable, glittering and durable as gold; there were tapestries, draperies and robes of silk, spun glass, spider's web, and a wondrously fine artificial fiber; and hundreds of marvelous, ingenious contrivances for man's comfort and convenience which were new even to the people of the new century and wonld be inexplicable to those of the old nineteenth. All were displayed in the most artistic and enticing manner possible to the advanced mind and skill of man.

The visitors moved about in rolling chairs which went forward by pressing a button and could be guided by pushing a lever, and in small cars that floated about over the heads of the people on the floor, or

they walked about as they felt inclined. Passengers arrived on the grounds by pneumatic cars, air ships, surface and submarine boats impelled by a newly-discovered force which required little machinery and was very light.

While the exhibitions from the various parts of the world were divided off and marked by the names of the countries from which they came, the most prominent inscriptions were the names of the associations and numbers of branches from which the articles were sent. An exhibit was from such and such an association, Branch Number——, and inconspicuously, the old name of the country where it was made was added. Members of said branches did not always live in the countries named but simply held their connection with the branch, wherever they might be. Very little attention was paid to boundary lines, so widespread and general had grown the spirit of internationalism and and fraternity. There were no monarchies or empires and only one or two distant divisions that still called themselves "republics." People belonged to societies, groups, industrial associations, etc., and these constituted the principal organization of general society. Here and there were individuals who refused to join anything and so long as these invaded no one, they were left alone in their glory. There were no taxes, no cornered and controlled "mediums of exchange" and all the producers of the earth freely and equitably exchanged their productions.

The machinery and transportation buildings, showed what marvelous strides in these arts had taken place in the last century. Transportation had reached such perfection that people no longer lived huddled together in huge cities. The cities were simple centers of industry, with large association hotels or homes, and places of amusement scattered through them, for the convenience of those who wished to remain there any length of time. The real homes were situated in the pleasantest places, among mountains, hills, and wooded vales, on the banks of picturesque streams, and along the shores of lovely lakes. No twenty story buildings existed except a few old ruins preserved as curiosities. Buildings were two, three or four stories high according to the style of architecture.

Machinery performed every sort of disagreeable, dangerous or tedious labor ; but many kinds of work had been rescued from the machine, and now furnished pleasant and artistic occupation and recreation for men, women and children. In one of the machinery halls, newspapers containing the world's news condensed, were issued every half hour, while in every city, duplicates were issued almost instantaneously by means of an electrical process. The more elaborate literature, such as articles on philosophy, science, history, economics, and articles of fiction were reserved for magazine publications and issued every three or four days. The various processes of sympathetic telegraphy were elaborately displayed—wires were no longer stretched between distant points as means of swift communi cation.

One large building was devoted to relics and curiosities of the nineteenth century. Here were seen the horse car, steam engine, printer's case, the old-fashioned arc and incandescent lights, gas-fixtures, etc. One vast hall, designated "A Chamber of Horrors" contained old methods of punishments, small models of penitentiaries and jails, of the electrocution chair, the gallows, the guillotine, etc. And also old implements of warfare were shown. Some of the guns exhibited at the Columbian Exposition in 1894 as perfect specimens of destructive machinery, were shown ; torpedoes, bombs, models of war ships, war balloons were displayed as curious relics of a half-enlightened time. There had been no wars for a hundred years. The last great conflict had occurred in 1900 when it was proved that massed armies were of no use whatever and could be utterly annihilated in two minutes, that rulers, kings and generals were in as great danger wherever they might place themselves, as were the front ranks of soldiers on ancient battlefields ; that cities, forts, and war ships could be blown to atoms at a moment's notice ; then the people began to think they must settle their differences in some other way than by destroying each other. Rulers no longer declared war when they must share the danger, and the common people would no longer fight each other over questions in which they had no interest.

As genuine exhibits of skill and ingenuity, none but those of peaceful, industrious, educational or progressive nature were shown. No articles of warfare, conquest, authority or exploitation were seen except in this one collection of terrible, old curiosities.

Among the many usefnl and beautiful productions, hung long lists of names of working men who had devoted unusual labor, skill, or inventive talent, or had endured extraordinary hardships, or undergone dangerous risks. Near noon a grand procession paraded through the walks ; they were strong, upright, splendid specimens of humanity and were cheered by the visiting throngs as heroes of old were on returning from victorious wars. They were the workers whose intelligent exertions had brought into being the beautiful and magnificent structures around them. A great audience next assembled in a glorious auditorium where an ode to labor was sung by a magnificent chorus of voices, and addresses in honor of industry were given. Inventive talent, managing ability, designing powers were not forgotten ; every creature who had performed some useful act in creating the marvels about them, was honored by appreciative mention.

And so the grandest, most universal, most peacefue exposition ever held in the history of the world, was opened for enjoyment, and the cementing of true brotherly feeling between all the peoples of the globe.